

# The ARTGUM





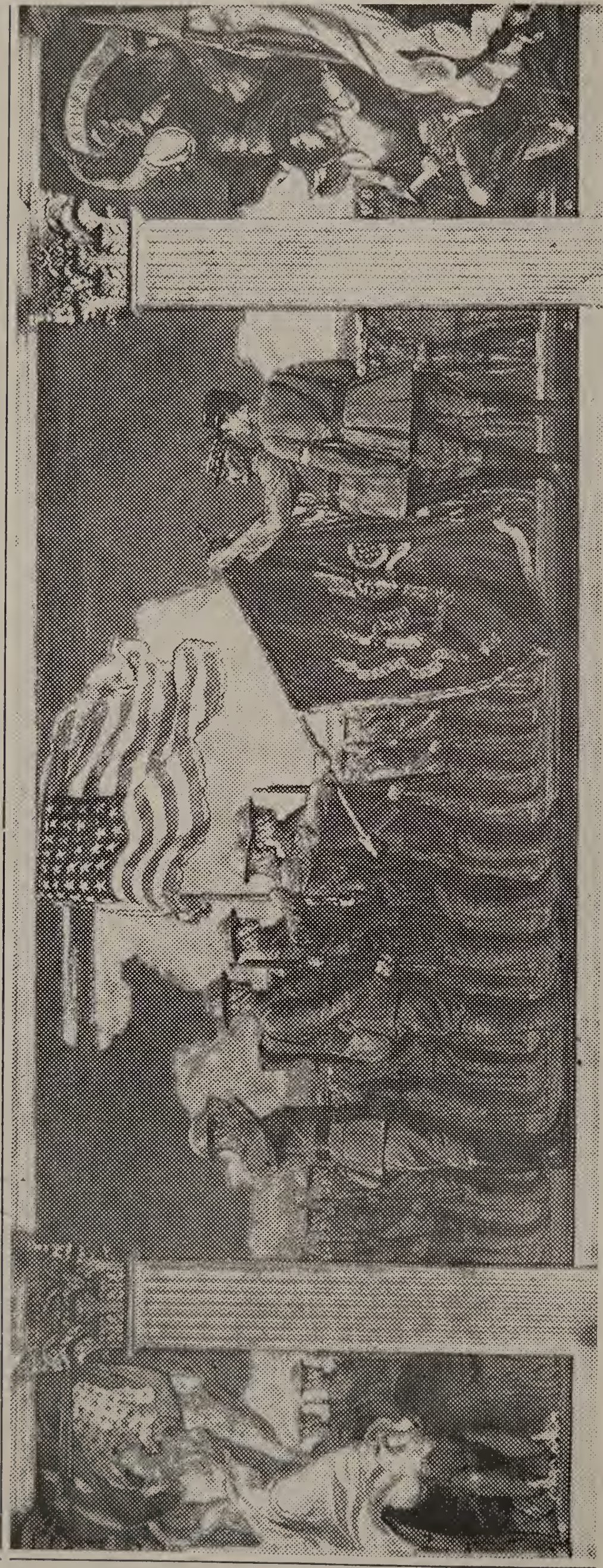






MAY, 1927





*Courtesy Christian Science Monitor*

“THE DECORATION OF THE 104TH REGIMENT”  
—by Richard Andrew





Vol. V

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No. 4

### MR. ANDREW'S MURALS

*The whole student body of M. S. A. is very personally interested in the subject of Mr. Andrew's murals, recently unveiled in the State House. The Fine Arts students who have visited his studio or helped mount the large panel—even the Junior Anatomy class that benefited from his studies of the American eagle—feel almost as if they have had a part in the making of the murals. Mr. Andrew has been very generous in allowing us a share of his knowledge and prestige. In this article one of the favored juniors shares that knowledge and prestige again with those who have not the privilege of knowing Mr. Andrew so well.*

I'm not a writer but when the Editor asked me to write up Mr. Andrew, I jumped at the chance. The previous Saturday I had been one of a group helping him mount his large mural, the one that represents the decoration of the colors of the 104th regiment by General Passaga of the French army. We tacked the canvas face down upon a frame built for a purpose. Next we plastered the wall and canvas both with a mixture of heavy paint, white lead, Venetian turpentine, and varnish. Then we raised the frame up to its position on the wall, rubbing and pressing the canvas to form a strong contact. It will be a year before this glue-like mixture dries.

Now I was to interview him. When I told him what was on my mind, he

readily assented to give all the information needed. Although I had a pad and pencil ready, I couldn't write while he was talking so you Artgum readers will have to take a chance on what I can remember.

Mr. Andrew spoke of the difference in the conceptions of the artist painter and the mural painter. The former must use a focus in his easel pictures, making one section of the canvas more detailed and distinct than the rest, so that it will hold the interest of the spectator; while the other must use equal effort on each part of his mural. No one place in a mural should overshadow or stand out over the others. To look all over the picture and feel that one section is not more valuable than another and yet that all are needed to support each other in a oneness, is the aim of the mural painter. Of course, there are structural centers on which the mural should be based, but the handling of these centers should be such as to be not obviously evident.

The rendering of his murals was a difficult problem, Mr. Andrew said. He mentioned Tintoretto's large "Descent from the Cross" as a picture which helped him in this difficulty.

The thickness and length of the wall should be remembered and the painting kept flat. To do otherwise would be to deceive the nature of these conditions. The mural must not be a hole in the wall. Only the main essentials should be used in a large picture. The larger

the painting the fewer the details and simpler the color scheme.

All this and much more he told me. I was about to ask him of his clay models and the other devices that we've read about in the Boston papers when Mr. Andrew suggested we go down to his studio. Don't worry, I didn't refuse.

At his studio were the side panels, then unfinished. America and France, two glorious figures with heroic attitudes, standing one behind an eagle with outspread wings, the other behind the kneeling Joan of Arc. After the strengthening of a figure, the shifting of an arm and the adjustment of drapery the panels would be ready to be mounted on the wall of Gardner Auditorium beside the other, larger panel.

Mr. Andrew showed me the small clay models of the heroic figures. That of the eagle was painted in the proper colors. Joan was clad in a full set of armor cut from zinc plate and carefully fitted. The clay figure of America he had draped in cloth that had been soaked in gelatine, modelling it before the gelatine dried. He had prepared the flags by the same method.

In two large portfolios were his sketches. He had made at least a dozen sketches for each figure, for the gesture

and even parts of the figure. I was especially interested in looking at the different sketches for Joan of Arc. The drawing which formed the basis for the final painting was a sketch of perhaps eight strokes of charcoal. How many would cast aside this seemingly incomplete sketch, thinking that a more finished drawing would solve the problem.

A novel way of overcoming what might have developed into a difficulty was his placing of the gold stars on the service flag in the left panel. He bought paper stars of the right size, stuck them on the painted flag, drew around them, pulled them off—and the job was done.

Lastly, Mr. Andrew spoke of his use of dynamic symmetry. After making a small sketch of the finished painting he trued it up by dynamics and found that by merely moving one figure a half inch to one side, his composition and the dynamic symmetry lines coincided. This proves his ability to compose.

Because he is so close to us, many little appreciate Mr. Andrew's greatness. It is an honor and a privilege to be with him. But why should I try to tell you this, when the murals will do it so much better? Go down to the State House and look at them.

J. G. R.



*Courtesy Casson Galleries*

"THE EAGLE," by H. H. Tuttle



## THE MEMOIRS OF A LOOKING GLASS

Perhaps you think I am an ordinary mirror—one that forgets all that has gone before. Not at all! To begin with I was made by Cellini. In my mirrored reflections down through the ages I have pictured the most lovely women of all time.

I first served Queen Henrietta Maria. How well I remember when first I saw her dressed in a very filmy affair, hardly more than a cloud of light and lace; this gown though very full was not hooped, but the skirt opened in front, displaying an expanse of petticoat, extravagant in bows, drawnwork and a perfect miracle in embroidery. I looked in vain for jewels and discovered to my surprise that my mistress had none. However, I overheard a heated conversation—something about an edict issued by the progressive Cardinal Richelieu that may explain her lack of jewelry. She wore an interesting new turned back collar with the turned back cuff that, to my way of thinking, was both pretty and original, and a splendid foil for a youthful face.

I have spoken to my mistress' snuff box and she confided that our Lady cut her hair in front. Her mother was heard to remark this action, along with her short sleeves as "an unbecoming bravery of attire."

I hear many conversations, and, between you and I, (although I am not addicted to gossip) I think my Queen is the rival of many fair ladies of the Court. Her forthcoming marriage to Philip, Duke of Orleans is regarded in the light of a political success. Personally I think the dashing cavalier (whose name I won't reveal) a big improvement on this political match!

This much talked of gentleman I have seen attired in the following manner, well befitting his daring and romantic personality:

He wore his knickerbockers very loose, down below his knees; a leather coat and scarf diagonally from which his sword was attached. Although many were wearing the high crowned narrow-rimmed hat, he always wore the wide cavalier sombrero, with three graceful plumes. His long voluminous cloak

was worn wrapped to the figure.

His hair was long and he wore the very popular Vandyke beard. His boots had turned-down cuffs, displaying silk stockings.

My speculations were rudely interrupted at this time because I was placed in a dark gloomy closet with a hideous hooped skirt as my only companion.

We argued incessantly, and I grew depressed and cloudy. My silver tarnished and my interest in life waned.

One glorious day (shall I ever forget?) someone took me out, rubbed my dusty surface and glared at me, grunted and called someone else. They finally realized my great beauty and life began anew for me. I think it was then about the year 1645.

I was placed amid gorgeous hangings of brocades. These new surroundings well befit my ornate frame, and it was my unbounded pleasure to serve one of the fairest women in all France—Queen Marie Theresa.

The other day Madam, talking to one of her ladies-in-waiting remarked: "One really ought to cry halt to certain women who exaggerate everything." I could not help but smile because what could be more exaggerated than the ridiculous little apron she tied over her huge skirts—and her headdress, fully eighteen inches high built up by combs, ribbons and laces. There! I did not mean to be cynical, for her dainty elbow gloves in pale colour, her decorative muff and gorgeous materials, the beautiful line of her long pointed bodice, all presented an artistic ensemble.

The Quaker attitude in the matter of dress is well summarized in this warning which the ladies of the Court posted amid much hilarity:

"We are willing tenderly to caution and advise friends against those things which we think inconsistent with our Ancient Christian Testimony of Plainness in apparel

"At first That Immodest fashion of hooped pettycoats or ye imitation of them, Either to make them set full or wearing more than is necessary or any other immitation Whatsoever which we take to be but a Branch Springing from

ye same corrupt root of Pride, and also that none of their Ffriends accustom themselves to wear their gowns with Superfluous Gathers or pleats in their capps or Pimmers, Nor to wear their heads drest high behind. Neither to cut nor Lay their hair on he foreheads or Temples."

There was much more to this, particularly concerning "ye unnecessary use of ffans," which I thought most unreasonable.

What pleases me most of all are the garments worn by the men—Three-cornered hats, Wigs long and curled, Jabots and cravats of lace,—sumptuous materials—all of these made their appearance in France and England in the days when Pepys was compiling his gay records of modes and manners. The vest coat was worn much longer and pointed than formerly and buttoned down the front. My shining surface almost cracked I was so astonished at seeing a man carrying a muff—much beribboned and ornamented.

But I must hasten my ramblings for I know you will want to hear about the daughter of Queen Maria Theresa and the gay Court of the Louis 15th and 16th:

It was an age of powder and of patches, of spreading hoops and towering coiffures, of powdered wigs and flaring snug-waisted coats. It was also an age of great men: Addison, Steele, Pope, Swift, Pitt the elder and Pitt the younger. It was an age of women of intellect; more than all else, however, it was the age of picturesque in modes and in manners; the age of heart-breaking belles and intrepid beaux; of dashing highwaymen and reckless gamblers; of duels and coffee houses, sedan chairs and post chaises; coats embroidered with flowers and butterflies—the cuffs a mass of fine sewing; the three-cornered hat cocked at a jaunty angle—gold lace, wide cuffs—full skirts, swing canes—flashing colours—Lacquer hilted swords, paste buckles—gold and silver snuff boxes—Chaise Lounges piled high with cushions as fragile as butterflies' wings.

The daytime costume was sometimes very elaborate, sometimes very simple, depending upon the ideas and humors of Madame—which changed very often.

Hoops, slim pointed bodices puffing out

at the back, over which were worn, as a rule, the ample gowns of plain coloured satin accompanied by the long impossibly tight bodices, plain or elaborated with ribbon-laced stomachers. Later these gowns opened over a petticoat and took to themselves the curving bands of quilting. The Hoopskirt or petticoat was essentially the decorative feature of the gown and was of rich materials, often much elaborated with embroidery applications, beautiful damasks enriched with gold or silver embroidery and fringe, favorite materials for the hoop petticoat.

Fans were an important accessory of costume rather small, slightly curled ostrich plumes, delicately painted gauze, mounted on jewelled sticks. These fans were carried on all occasions, and every woman of fashion possessed a large collection of which she was justly proud.

I heard Madame de Graffigny protesting against the high headdress. She wore her hair powdered but close to her head and covered with a little cap. This "little cap" was adopted by many women of rank, and for several years was worn by all French women.

The bourgeoisie have retained the full-crowned cap surrounded with ribbon twists or bows. The reign of lace ended with the Eighteenth Century, for Louis the XVI cared little for embroidery and finery.

Under the Empire gold, precious stones and diamonds were lavishly used. I have attended an endless procession of balls and official receptions and the dress of the women was handsome, nay, even magnificent. Unfortunately it was chiefly remarkable for its bad taste.

Napoleon wished his Court to be splendid and was accustomed to rebuke ladies who committed the sin of economy. Madame la Marerhale remarked to a lady one day: "Your cloak is superb; I have seen it a good many times." She took the hint.

I do not think one point in the fashions of the Empire has been sufficiently criticised. I allude to the use of stays, which held their place in spite of all the sarcasm that has been lavished on those mechanical aids to dress.

By way of compensation Josephine  
(Continued on Page 31)



## WILLIAM LADD TAYLOR

## PAINTER AND ILLUSTRATOR

1854-1926



The recent death of William Ladd Taylor has been widely lamented, more widely than most of us realize. For forty years he had been painting, and he began his career in 1897 at this school, continuing his studies later under Boulanger and Lefebvre in Paris. He was an alumnus of whom we might well be proud. Although he never obtruded himself on the public eye, his influence was and is widespread. Many of his paintings have been reproduced in the Ladies' Home Journal, and if you meditate a little, you will probably remember seeing his pictures, such as 'Priscilla and John Alden', 'Leaving the Old Home', or some of the Old Testament illustrations at an age when you thought pictures, like trees, just grew. In fact, this quality is one of the most charming in Mr. Taylor's work—that his pictures are never erratic, never assumed; they are like the trees and familiar sights around us, perfectly natural.

His long career, though handicapped by a frail physique, was one of incessant labor and devotion. He was a craftsman as well as a painter, and devoted much of his time to carving and cabinet making. Perhaps his chief characteristic was the thoroughness of his work. He believed in getting to the bottom of things.

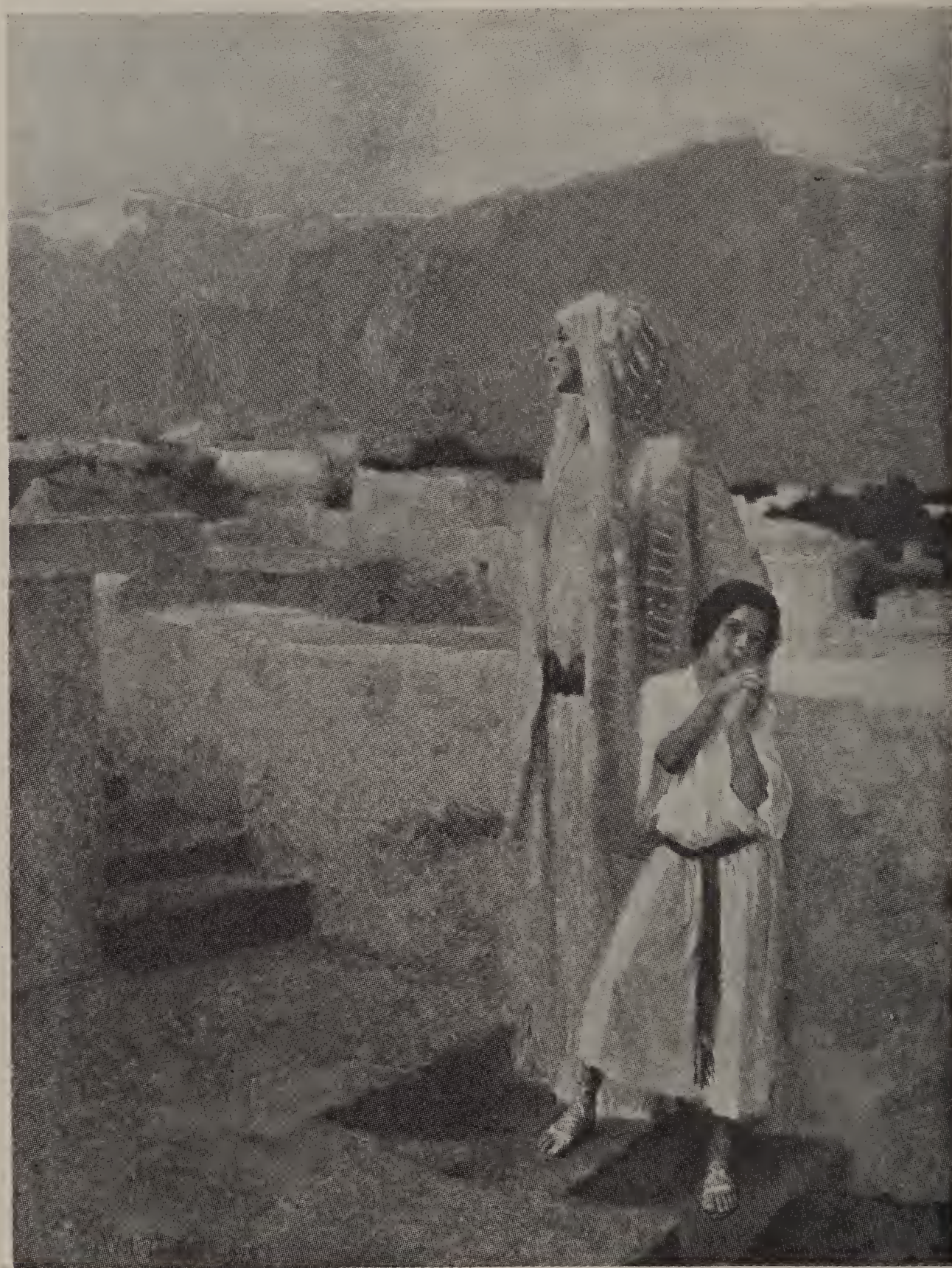
How familiar we are with the cry: 'Why don't you go over to the library

if you want a horse?—made nice horses.' And most of us do go, passing several horses au naturel on the way, and never stopping to look at them. Taking information second-hand has come to be a matter of course, and it a rare artist indeed who takes the trouble and effort to find his own material.

Mr. Taylor did. He had the originality to prefer looking at things as God made them, when possible. Quoting his own words "If you can get to the source of things, do not take material second-hand." Nor did he; he made hundreds of sketches; they became a sort of shorthand to him; he was always ready to record his impressions. If he had an animal to paint he sketched it, photographed it from many angles, made a model of it, arranged his own lighting and—voilà! He had what he wanted, and more than that, there was some truth in it. He constantly experimented with models—human and otherwise—and lighting. If he wanted armor, for instance, he made armor, and making it, came to understand it. He was a careful workman in everything, working over and over again to gain his result. He had one picture in his head for twenty-five years before it finally emerged into the 'Scarlet Letter'.

He admired greatly the work of his predecessors, Abbey and Pyle. He rev-





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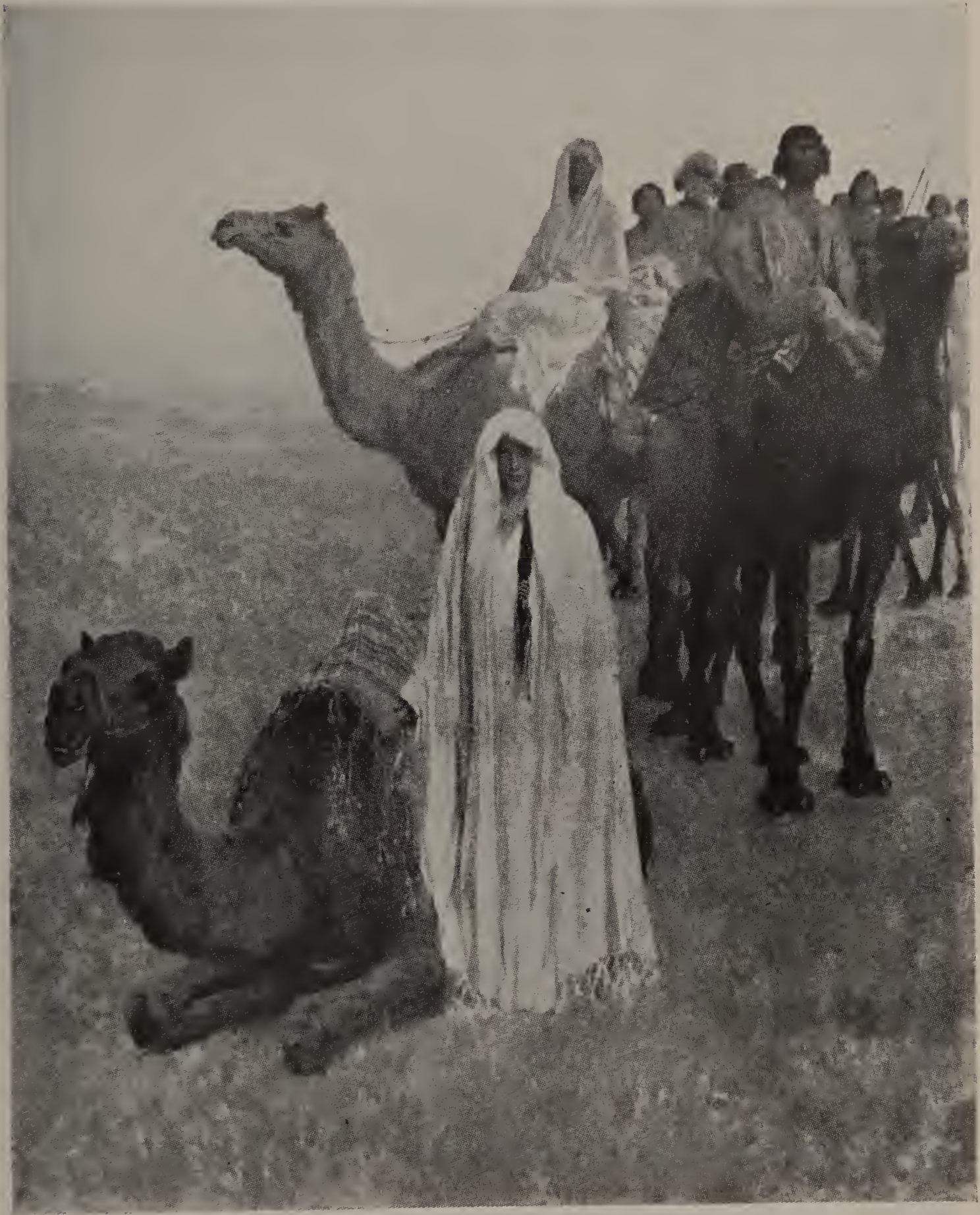
### I WILL LIFT UP MINE EYES UNTO THE HILLS

ered strength above all things in art, and particularly enjoyed Degas and Winslow Homer. He, himself, was an able water-colorist, but his illustration work forced that medium into second place. It is interesting to note that he made frequent pilgrimages to that priceless little Degas in the Museum on whose merits we have so frequently heard Mr. Major

expound.

I had the pleasure of seeing his studio at Wellesley, a large workroom, lined with shelves on which was a varied collection—not priceless things, but those that had served him well. The harp on which David played to Saul, Sir Launcelot's shields, pottery, models of camels and other animals, necklaces, musical in-





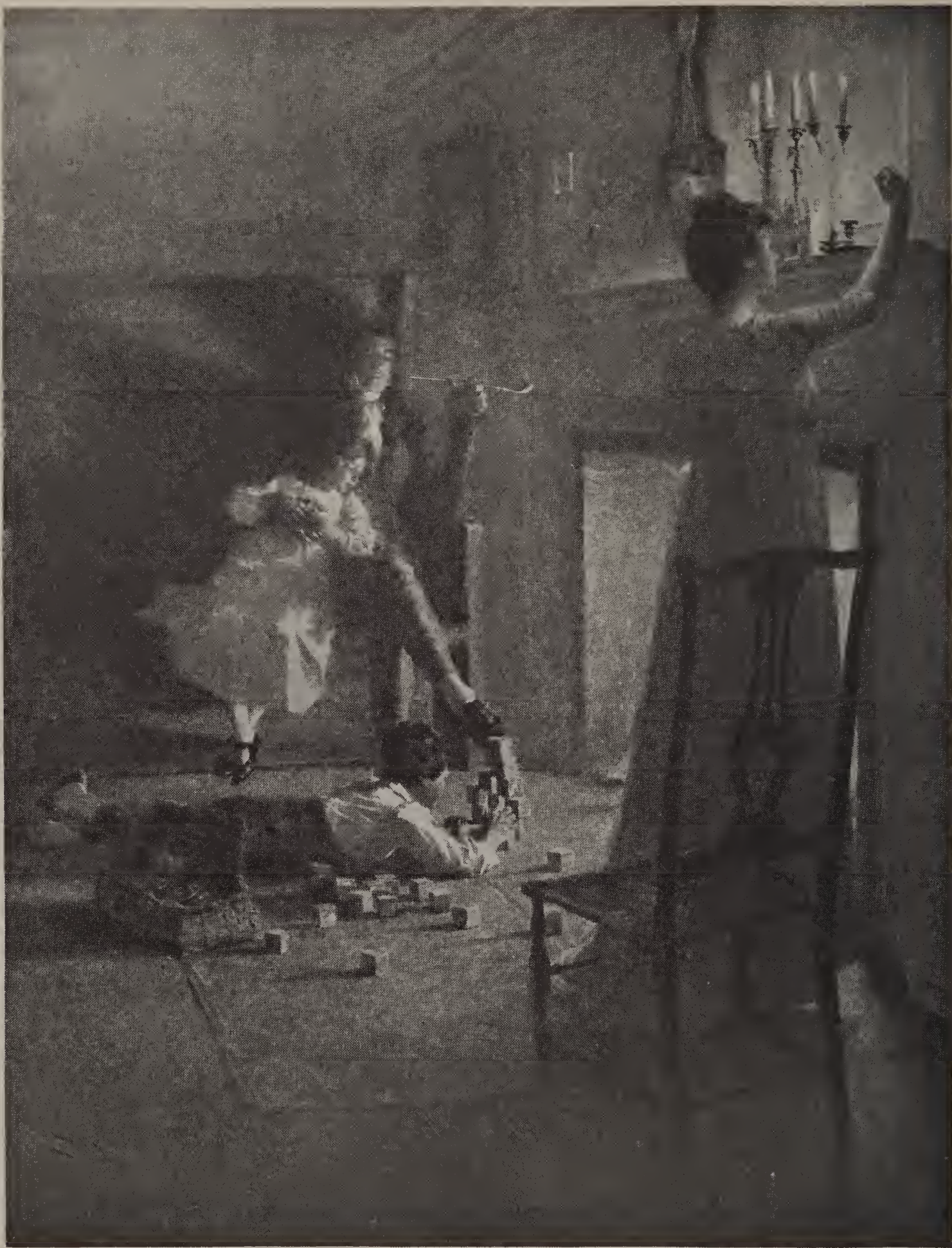
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REBEKAH COMES TO ISAAC

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HOME-KEEPING HEARTS ARE HAPPIEST

Mr. Taylor's Most Popular Picture





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#### THE SCARLET LETTER

struments and all manner of data, all show that he fully realized their value.

This interesting incident I quote from an article in the Ladies' Home Journal:

"The stage in 'The Passing of the Farm', a vehicle between the Concord coach and the three seated carryall, persistently eluded search until Mr. Taylor caught a glimpse of it from the window

of a passing train at a little flag station in the country. Later he went back and found it, dragged it from the shed where the driver had left it while on other business, and made his studies. Whether or not they were complete is shown by the fact that after the picture was published he received a letter from the unknown stage driver, who had recognized

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# EDITORIAL

## IN PLACE OF AN EDITORIAL

Amidst the uninspired pages of a rather commonplace book on modern drama we happened upon a lovely little flower, three lines of poetry. The text, avidly scanned, did not give the name of the poet nor even any casual hints as to his identity. But what does that matter—unless our unknown poet has written other verses as beautiful? For these lines hold high romance, fresh sweetness and age-old peace, even a radiant picture of our lady Beauty herself. We meant to copy down the three lines to save. That we forgot to do. Yet the haunting

poetry has remained with us, in our mind.

Now an editorial at best is a poor thing beside a poem. How would an editorial of our writing stand beside the three anonymous verses we found in that book of criticism? So we have abandoned the idea of composing our finest editorial and have given you this fragment of poetry:

Under the boughs of love and hate,  
In all poor mortal things that live a day,  
Eternal beauty wandering on her way.

## WE THANK YOU

We of the ARTGUM staff wish to thank all of you who assisted us this year with contributions of articles, poems, drawings, with courtesies and favors, with praise or criticism.

Miss Munsterberg, Miss Bartlett, Miss Hathaway, Mr. Wilder and Mr. Porter of the faculty have written very beautifully for our magazine. We thank

them for their gracious interest. Mr. Jamison has been absolutely invaluable to us. We wish we were able to express our indebtedness to him.

These students have especially merited our thanks: Hilda Frost, Ronald Murray, Rebecca Field, Elmer Greene, Jessie MacDonald, Rachel Clapp, R. H. Blattner and Doris Whittaker.

## OUR FRIEND, WILLIAM MORRIS

In our gay, glorious time here at school I often wonder if we realize whither we are bound. Every day we absorb fresh impressions and learn definitions of design, harmony, balance and good composition, and stride on trying to establish our own standards of good taste. While we study painting we look for beauty in all we see and decide why some objects we meet are not beautiful. Our ideas may affect us just as passing emotions or may induce us to create harmony in all we view. Because William Morris did this—improved the aspect of every thing he touched, we may consider him a practical example of what we may do, what we may become.

We know the background of William Morris, as a Pre-Raphaelite painter, and we know his place among the British poets of the 19th century. He is remembered also as a socialist, an architect, a preserver of historic art treasures and a printer of exquisite books at his Kelmscott Press. He was an interior decorator and used his influence to create better furniture, textiles, tapestries and wall paper. All that he produced was a protest against cheapness, insincerity and unnecessary ugliness. His doctrine was—we may be as beautiful as we will. An actual example of his work which we may see is the Kelmscott Chaucer which Morris planned for five years and took



almost two years to print. This book is his final artistic achievement.

We cannot pay tribute to William Morris as others have, but let us consider him our ideal of artistic industry. If we cannot all become Sargents or realize an alluring day dream, we can fulfill our obligation in establishing higher standards of good taste. In the spirit of the old hymn,

"So let our thoughts and work express  
The creative art urge we possess."

### OF BEETHOVEN

This school has been accused of being unmusical; I maintain it is base slander. One has only to listen to us (especially during school hours) to know that we are a very musical institution. Or walk past Symphony Hall of a Friday afternoon and count our representatives parked patiently on the front steps. Believing us, then, to be interested, I dare to write of Beethoven.

I write of him, not on him. The latter has been done too frequently. Writing on him, one raves at length of his life and works, and I admit I am not familiar enough with either to outstrip his numerous critics, including those who enjoy digging up all the scandals possible, and hope to shock the public by proving that Beethoven was absorbed only in women and counting his laundry.

Writing of him, however, I pick what I choose and can say as little as I like.

I admit that I am inspired by the recent Beethoven Festival, when our Symphony orchestra played all his symphonies—superbly—and the Harvard and Radcliffe Choral Societies shouted mightily, with the assistance of the soloists, who added to the general uproar. Mr. Ernest Newman made a nice speech on Beethoven, and Foster Damon read an ode which I thought terrible, but that may be because I heard so little of it—Boston was afflicted with coughs that night. It was, altogether, a great jamboree, and it is to be hoped that the composer smiled on it from the clouds and composed a new sonata for his harp in great satisfaction.

What a life he had! When I first read it, it seemed to me a supreme tragedy. Deaf at twenty-two, when his career was

only at the beginning, he overcame that disaster to become the greatest composer the world has ever known. I do not wish to overestimate him, nor do I deceive myself that his was the last great music, but a master he was, a master of masters.

There are those who like to say that if God had only given Beethoven his hearing, we would have known perfect music. Of course, that is absurd; there is no perfect music, and Keats was right when he said that

*"Heard melodies are sweet, but those  
unheard are sweeter."*

Had Beethoven not become deaf, I do not think that he would ever have accomplished what he did. His symphonies, as the first and second, would have been charming, but only that. The man who was able to write the third, and the other six, was one who had known despairs as well as success. "My genius *shall* triumph," he wrote, when he was too deaf to be able to conduct his own work, poor and almost scorned by his contemporaries. But he was not worrying over triumphing over his contemporaries. He had passed that point.

It is only after they pass that point that they are truly great. The masters of art have stood alone, whether of necessity or their own inclination. Milton, the blind poet—Rembrandt, who did his best work after he was financially ruined—Angelo, who scorned his patrons—all of them. Art is, of course, possible without such intensity, but great art is only attained through great effort.

A musician once said to me, "After all, the fine arts are the only forms that endure. Musicians! Today we play, tomorrow we are gone, and forgotten. Art endures. What artists have done remains when music is but a memory."

True, but what is a century more or less? Nothing concrete remains for ever, and if it is a worthy thing to be remembered by posterity, it is no less worthy to make the present glorious. All the arts are one, one undefinable spirit of supreme influence. Art exists; what time does to it is of little consequence, if it has existed. That every great artist or composer has not a centenary or a monument does not lessen his influence; somewhere it is felt, and



we should ask for no more than that.

Beethoven would have been surprised if he could have seen the world wide celebration of his centenary. And Bach! Even more so. Asked why he composed music, Bach is said to have replied, "Why, for the love of God and a pleasant occupation!" That was a high ideal, indeed. No, the great ones lived for the highest possible perfection of the moment, that perfection that makes time, and love and fame sink to nothingness.

Therein lay the greatness of Ludwig Van Beethoven; a man who was able to rise above petty considerations, to grapple with his own infirmity, and make it

serve him. It was genius; genius that does not spring from nothingness, but from itself, feeding itself alike on success and failure, and developing as life itself develops, from a lower to a higher order.

How absurd that we should have a centenary festival for a man who was above centuries! How absurd that we should be glad that Beethoven has escaped oblivion for a century this year! There is no oblivion for his art. When his name is forgotten as well as his music, some fragment of his spirit will live forever.

B.L.

### GETTING THINGS DONE

or

### SIDELIGHTS ON THE AZTEC SITUATION

This eternal struggle we call life is colored with experiences ranging from pickle eating to swimming and bridge. As students in M. S. A. we have many experiences such as sliding down railings and eating pretzels by the sink, sniffing in mingled odors of turpentine, Narcisse Noire, banana oil, glue, fried herring, plasticine, and stove blacking. But the choicest experience of all, we'll have to admit is being in pageants! The pageants we put over in this school are a cross between a scene from Cecil B. de Mille, "Salome", and "Rollo and His Pa".

On entering the scene of preparation for one of these pageants, one is confused in four senses: touch, smell, sight, and hearing. People collide with one another, causing huge piles of costumes which are being carried from place to place, to be dropped. (Curses rend the air into little pieces.) The smells! Ye Gods! what smells. It's good that the casements can be opened. One's eyes almost pop out of their sockets at the sight of prim maidens who usually go about school like little mice being transformed into gorgeous sirens by means of a little paint of glorious crimsons, oranges, purples, blues, greens and what not. Here is where many of our idols prove to have feet of clay—or rather legs—because some of the costumes are revealing to say the least. A series of squeaks and squawks smite the ear. It seems that someone has completed his or her costume and it is decidedly ap-

proved of. "Stunning, gorgeous, wow! Mamma! After fleeing from decadent looking sprites in cerise and mustard color spangled with gold and silver dangling purple masks and throwing banana oil around with insane glee, anyone finds the fresh air good.

Whew, what work and excitement! After days and days (and nights, too) of fevered activity—I'll leave out rehearsals—the day of the pageant dawns bright and clear, or else vice versa.

Tensely the music begins for the final time. It begins! It unfolds! It finishes! Slowly the audience wends its homeward way, not over the lea, but down the avenue or some other place. Gertie's pa and ma are satisfied, "Gertie sure did look swell." Other mammas and papas are satisfied, too, because pageants are democratic and the honors are quite equally divided.

Who would have thought that the two cents worth of gilt plastering on Maisie, from three rows back, would shine like beaten gold? Who would have thought that the three yards of sateen transforming Gloria would, under the lights, take on mysterious sheens and unexpected beauties of color?

To make a long thing short, our pageants are merely bits of life, experiences, molded into one composition of beauty, color, and light. Life is colored with experiences and—pageants.

D.D.



## ANECDOTE

The Light of Asia cafe is one of innumerable eating houses scattered about Bombay. Looking in from the hot pavement outside the average Occidental finds it, perhaps, a trifle less sordid and depressing than is usual among Peninsular restaurants. Its uniqueness lies, however, not in the remarkable absence of dirt or tiny black movements in corners and a lizard or two, but rather in that the humblest Moslem, the most highly cultured Brahman, the wealthiest Parsee or the most dignified Englishman, supremely conscious of his superiority, may eat there with impunity and without much contamination or any particular loss of caste or prestige. They may—and quite often do.

Compared to the street it was delightfully cool inside; each table fanned by a huge propeller suspended from the high ceiling. Dick and I paid the gary driver—a rupee too much we found out later. It seems that being imposed upon by foreign vendors of any sort is the birth-right of the travelling American. Facing the entrance—or exit, after one gets inside—is a glass case filled with a charming array of imitation marble models of the Taj in various stages of demolition. This so-called marble is made of rice and has the same lustrous quality seen in the finest Carrara, but is far from durable. Strewn promiscuously amongst the tombs of the reputable Moslem queen is a choice collection of archaic representations of Krishna, Vishnu, and the inimitable Rama of Ramayana fame. On top of the case is a really brilliant arrangement of American chewing gum and English chocolate bars. Doubtless the ensemble is to advertise the democratic spirit of the place.

We chose a corner table and ordered a fowl. That this fowl contained a flavor and character foreign to our perhaps too expectant palates cannot be denied. At any rate we mouthed its dry stringiness with a not too flattering opinion of the chef. Over our coffee which was of that excellent syrupy sort we studied our co-eaters, or companions-at-forks as it were. At the next table sat two coffee-colored Parsees wearing the inevitable shiny black hats common only to their cult; they paid attention to

nothing but their own animated conversation. Next them sat three young quartermasters from an English liner. They talked with the accent peculiar to their kind and had rather nice manners. One felt that after the ice had been broken they might become congenial. But, unfortunately, the British ice is almost sacred. Beyond sat a stocky man with a bald head and a nose whose capillary veins were indicative of anything but a mediocre taste in beverages. He wore a mustache of the sort commonly attributed to the English peerage by American cartoonists, but which, in fact, is seldom found on any but aspirants of the more aggressive type. In the opposite corner to us were several young men who reminded us by their actions and volubility of a group of New England adolescents during the holidays, and when they left their books and portfolios were carried with the same degree of indifference. They wore little round black hats not unlike the embryo American's annual ear-lapped astrachan. Their coats were long, tight fitting around the waist and hip, and black. Their shirts were white and collarless with flashing studs down the front. Their legs were artfully draped with thin white muslin and covered more in front than in back. The only variance in their costumes was in their foot-gear, and that only in the number and arrangement of the toe straps. Then at a table near a confection cabinet were two impassive, heavy breasted European women who ate much, talked not at all, and, on the whole, not particularly worthy of remark.

We were discussing what we should do that afternoon. Not in the nature of what we should do to pass the time, but what we should do first. The longer we stayed in Bombay the more there was to do, to see, the more places to go, and the more interesting the people became. For notwithstanding that it is the most English town in the Peninsula it has a cosmopolitan flavor spiced with characteristics entirely Indian, a Euro-Asiatic mixture not to be found elsewhere. There was so much we had missed on our outward-bound trip. We had not yet visit-

(Continued on Page 18)





*Courtesy Casson Galleries*

"IN THE TROPICS"  
by Stanley Woodward





*Courtesy Casson Galleries*

"NAVAJO ROMANCE"  
by Gerald Cassidy



(Continued from Page 15)

ed the Elysianesque Malabar hill with its inappropriate Towers of Silence and hideous vultures, nor the ever fascinating Elephant Caves across the bay. The museums and zoo were still an unknown quantity to us.

A new-comer entered—a European. We did not recognize him at first, not till we heard him talk. Then we knew him. His name was Pat and he was somewhat of a character round the docks. He laid claim to once having been an American citizen. Whether this assertion was made the more easily to curry favor with the crews of American ships—the generosity of whom is so well known the world over—or whether it was really so is a matter of supposition. At any rate his entire wardrobe consisted of second or third hand American clothing. He was a thin man below average height; his eyes were pale blue, but quick and bright; his cheekbones were prominent, his cheeks sunken and his whole face burned brown by the Asian sun. His mustache was of the timid, despairing sort and utterly belied his nature. He was dressed in a fairly clean but sloppy suit of whites and wore a thin-brimmed topee several sizes too large, but which, on account of its very largeness did added duty as umbrella and parasol.

He saw us and we invited him over for he was full of interesting anecdotes and adventures, and was besides an excellent guide and perfect interpreter. We explained to him our indecision and asked him if he could give us any advice. He slowly finished his coffee, meditated a moment, and after looking around cautiously leaned toward us.

"Do you really want to see something strange, something you'll remember?" And on our nodded affirmation he continued.

"Well, then, if you want to trust yourselves to me this afternoon, and will promise not to tell where you've been, I'll show you something you don't see every day. Very few Americans have seen it, if any, and not many Europeans."

He looked at us searchingly as if expecting questions, but we said nothing so he quickly went on.

"If you think I'm kidding you I'll tell you what I'll do. If you're satisfied with what you see, we'll come back here to-night and you can buy me a dinner and pay me whatever you like. If, on the other hand, you think you've been the least bit stung, you won't have to pay me a single pice. How's that?"

We acquiesced quickly enough, but still I wondered if we might not be wasting valuable time, not knowing whether his taste in worth while things coincided with ours.

He got up and went out so we paid his bill and followed him. Summoning a gary he said, "We're liable to be bothered a bit in the native quarters if we seem to be doing anything out of the ordinary so don't be side-tracked or let me out of your sight. Not many of the natives down here where we're going speak English and you might get in difficulty if you can't make them understand you. They're suspicious of whites who don't know the lingo."

We climbed in the carriage and he spoke a few words in Hindustani to the driver who looked at us narrowly, cracked his whip and drove off.

I remember very clearly the feeling that came over me as we jounced along the dusty road. A queer sort of feeling almost of double abstraction, as of a dream within a dream. How can I describe this sensation? The utter unfamiliarity of everything, (I had not been sufficiently long in India to become imperviously acclimated) the strange mingling of men, dogs, buffaloes, and dirt; the odd designs of the houses—quite often hovels; the peculiar yet not unpleasant smell all tended to produce in me the strongest feeling of unreality. Added to this feeling was a still less definite, yet obtrusive intangibility. So vague was my idea of our intentions and so closely juxtaposed the unreal reality that my imagination lent solidity to the more indefinite. By the time we reached our destination I thought I had discovered a new philosophy.

The carriage stopped and we clambered out. Pat seemed a bit puzzled that the driver had not argued with us about the fare. However, he took us each by the arm and led us into a silk merchant's shop.



This shop almost defies description. I felt like Ali Baba must have felt when Sesame shut behind his back and his eyes glued themselves on the glorious brilliance before him. Against each wall were immense glass cases filled with every imaginable color and kind of lustrous silk and hanging between the cases were rugs and cambrics of the most harmonious blendings. Suspended from the ceiling were as many different shaped lamps of silver and brass as there were spaces to be suspended from. There were many large chests hand-carved and beautifully dark and rich looking. There were intricate teakwood tables with glowing Japanese vases resting on top of them. There were delicate boxes of

sandal wood inlaid with ivory and semi-precious stones. There was the whole calendar of Hindoo immortals displayed in ivory, some of them wonderfully toned with age. A large area of the floor was covered with brasses. Slender, tall candelabra, graceful cobras, gods and goddesses, elephants, gnus and crocodiles, and all covered with the dust of a thousand years. And a red-turbaned bookkeeper sitting cross-legged on a bench making infinitely tiny figures in a colossal tome spread wide on his lap.

The dignified, bare-footed baniah came forward just obsequiously enough to conciliate us and to encourage any purchasing tendency we might have. Pat

*(Continued on Page 28)*

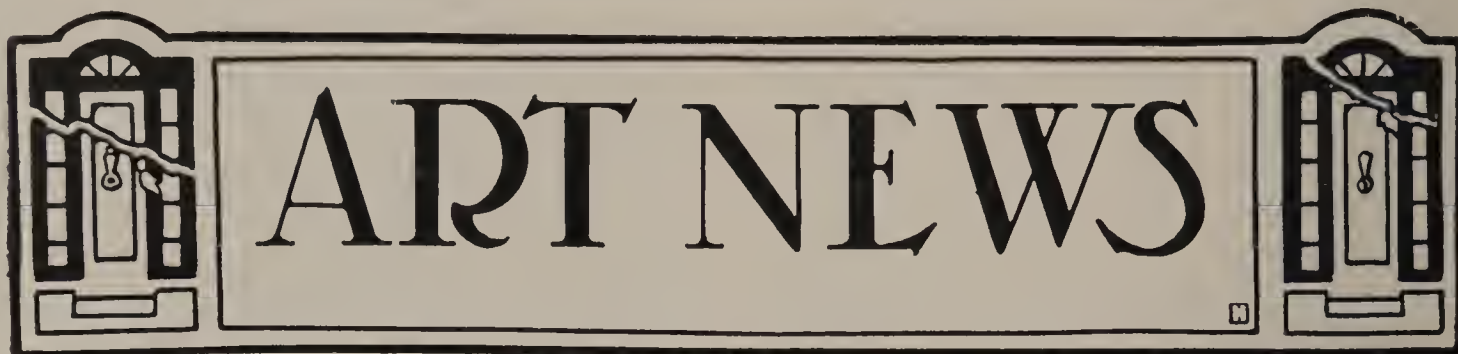


*Courtesy Casson Galleries*

“MAJORCAN FARMHOUSE”

by Isabelle Tuttle





# ART NEWS

I was foiled this month in that Mancini at Doll and Richards'. I tore down to see it only to find it had been taken down and was no longer on view to the 'public'. So for a proper view of it you had better arrive in a taxi and look as if you were going to buy out the place.

I could cherish no resentment, however, after I had seen those Zorns downstairs. As Mr. Major says, "Mommamia."

There were some nice water colors there, too. Dodge Mac Knight's, and some brilliant ones by a man named Haffner, also some less brilliant ones by Ruel Crompton Tuttle.

Besides Mr. Dallin's Guild Exhibit, there were some portraits by Charles Hopkinson, and they were rare. His people live. I don't want to be classed with those who gurggle, "Why, it looks as if it might speak!" (They are the same people who say of music, "It really talks!") but, all the same, his portraits live. They are well posed and one feels that they only stopped a minute, and even that wasn't such torture. Mr. Hopkinson handles his paint and color superbly. There was one charmingly simple canvas of two little girls and some flowers that was a real pleasure.

We can not claim credit for originating this remark, one of the faculty made it—said he wished Mr. Hibbard had had his exhibit in the summer time. The effect of so many snow canvasses in that cold room at the Copley under a chilly light (and having just come in from a chilly day) was truly frigid. They are, indeed, good pictures that can stand the test of being exhibited with so many others of their kind. Mr. Hibbard's can and they are beautifully done.

A steady stream of students may be seen daily now on their way to the Guild to see Mr. Major's paintings. Our pride

in having him for an instructor has gone up considerably since seeing this exhibit, although we knew (already from other occasional canvasses at the Guild) that he practices what he preaches—that he "sings it"—yes, daughter, sings it, and that many passages have been done with great fasting and prayer.

We are sorry for those people who have not been "through Major"—as we have. As terrified freshmen, we beheld him from afar, trembled at his mighty voice, and made sly overtures to his dignified and unapproachable dog; as sophomores, we began to appreciate Chardin, Degas and his friends Frank Benson and Edmund Tarbell—as juniors, we began to feel important and struggled with "a more amusing technic"—and finally, as seniors, we have graduated from still life, and just begin to realize what he has been trying to make us see for a long time. I have forgotten who made the remark that we won't know what he was talking about till about five years later, but it sounds very true.

In this exhibition we are glad to see the one and only E. L. Major adding more laurels to his name, painting as the good ones do. We see Manook, also, smiling, but slightly aloof, as befits his exalted position. And we have to admit that after all, Mr. Major's taste is impeccable.

In these days of clever publicity it is fun to read the theatrical posters. While Edna Wallace Hopper is billed as the "Eternal Flapper" another ancient girl, Fannie Ward, has the title the "Miracle Woman". And now we notice that Will Rogers, self-made diplomat and mayor of Beverly Hills, is America's "Poet Lariat".



**APRIL 19, 1927**

This is the way, just come along:  
We'll give you a thought to ponder on.  
The wind with her veil across your face  
Will hide all care from our day of  
grace.

The sky and the trees and the spread of  
the fields  
Will give you a freedom the city ne'er  
yields.  
The past with its fragrance of heroes  
and dreams  
Will let you float down its secret  
streams.

**At the Bridge**

"Here once the embattled farmers stood"  
And the river runs on by the banks they  
trod;  
Here the Red Coats "came three thousand  
miles to die" on a foreign sod.  
The willows lean with heads that bow,  
The quiet air seems to say:  
"You are so happy, so carefree and pros-  
perous now,  
But we remember that day."

**The Old Manse**

A little old house back from the road  
Resting alone in the fields,  
A little gray house so quiet now  
Over which the moss gently steals.  
"Aren't you lonesome?" I yearned to say  
For the house was sad to see,  
But the wind through the moss whis-  
pered from the eaves,  
"My memories still live with me."

**At Walden Pond**

The woodland is waiting for him to come  
back  
For it loves the press of his feet,  
And the calm pond lingers close to the  
shore

That his spirit may have peace.  
Every tree is quiet and very tall,  
Holding its branches high,  
For they still wait for the wind to sing  
That he is passing by.

**Louisa Alcott's Home**

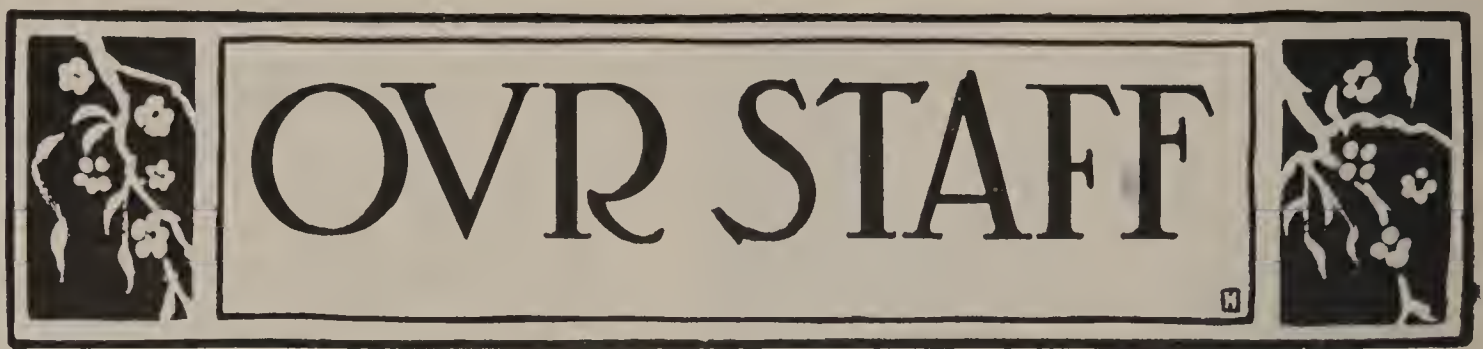
I have come, Jo, to find you.  
Climbing up the attic stair  
To see the couch that knew you  
When you lay and scribbled there.  
Lady Amy, Meg and Larry, and the  
shade of little Beth  
Glide by while I ponder and look back  
with regret.  
But, Jo, with your hopes and longings  
You I most yearn to see,  
And here in the dusty old attic  
You are very near to me.

**Emerson's Grave**

High on the hill where the air is still  
And only the wind is around,  
With trees that soar to God evermore  
And the peace of the earth is profound,  
A rough rock there like his spirit strong,  
fair  
Will crumble e'er his thought die.  
Where the warm sun gleams his spirit  
still dreams,  
But the space of his soul is the sky.  
HILDA FROST.







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### TRIVIALITIES OF A MASTER MIND

We never listen to talks or lectures over the radio, but this time we were too lazy to shift the dial. So we heard a gentleman named Merian Cooper introduced as the producer of a film about the perils of life in the jungles of Northern Siam. The picture is titled "Chang", and has a very dramatic story. We heard Mr. Cooper telling of his adventures in capturing a man-eating tiger. The yarn was interesting, but Mr. Cooper's drawling, Southern voice and pleasant manner made it seem very thrilling. If this gentleman makes pictures they must be good ones, we reasoned. When "Chang" comes to Boston we for one—or should it be "we for two"?—are going to see it.

We've used the editorial plural for so many years that it is impossible for us to type down the single "I". We're not as versatile as William Rose Benét who employs either with equal ease. As he wrote impudently on a special page in "Wild Goslings", "Some of the articles in this brilliant book are written in the editorial 'we', others in the less formal 'I'. We have been aware of this all along, and personally I don't care."

This is a most amusing school, particularly when it tries to be formal. We are not talking about Junior Proms, which are outside of our jurisdiction, but about class meetings and Student

Association meetings. Parliamentary law and M. S. A. seem to be almost incompatible. If we must have Parliamentary Law, let us have the meetings conducted carefully and in a sober manner. A meeting is either serious or farcical. There is no half-way point. Sometime or other we have, all of us, taken part in a well conducted meeting. We are all capable of behaving well, we behave well quite often. Let us have sane class and school meetings. They satisfy. Why not now? There's a reason.

We hear that "Judy" is soon to play here. Queenie Smith is our favorite comedienne. A piquant, delectable little dancing-imp with shining eyes and soft, taffy colored hair. What ingenues ought to be but aren't. Here's to Queenie!

We'd like a clever book to read. And an entirely sincere one. And some new slim volumes of poetry. On the paper jacket of one of her books was a statement to the effect that Amy Lowell, at the time of her death had three volumes ready for the publishers. We have read two of them, where is the third? One of her posthumous books, "What's O'Clock?", contained her best poetry, it seemed to us. *Sisters*, *Lilacs*, *Grosbeaks*, *Evelyn Ray*, one about a tiny cinquefoil,

(Continued on Page 25)



## THE PRINCESS WITH LONG GOLDEN HAIR

Once upon a time, a Prince-father and a Princess-mother had two children. The little prince was just big enough so he could crawl through his father's legs, but the princess was old enough to get married. And she would have liked to do this but no princes would come because her golden yellow hair was long, whereas all princes wanted to marry princesses with very short hair!

As no prince came to marry her, she went with her small prince-brother to the castle-meadow every day, where the brother played on the grass. Now it happened that in the center of that meadow there was a well, not very deep, but which had just enough water in it that to fall into it was no fun indeed. Of course the little brother never thought of that. He loved to throw stones, and he loved to hear the water go "gluck". The princess then, always, quickly called him away because he might fall into the well.

Now, one day as the princess was sitting under her most beloved linden-tree and the little brother was hunting stones, a linden leaf fell into her lap. As a linden leaf has the shape of a heart, the princess thought of her own heart and wondered if no prince would come, to whom she could give her heart. She thought of her long, yellow hair which was so thick and wondered why the princes did not like it. And all at once, her hair started to hurt, every single hair—the princess could have counted them one after the other! All this time she was looking at the little heart shaped leaf in her lap and was just making up her mind to go home to get her mother's big scissors and cut off her thick, long, golden yellow hair, snip, snip! And as she was thinking of this, a terrible cry frightened her.—Where did it come from? Out of the well? *Who* was crying so terribly?—The little Brother, of course! He had been throwing stones into the well and had fallen in!

The princess jumped to her feet and ran to the well. Far over the edge of the well she bent down. Below, the naughty little brother was squirming around in the ice-cold water. What should the princess do—before people could come, the brother might fall down

and drown. As she was thinking, her big yellow braids dropped into the well. A very bright idea came to her. She called to her brother, "Take hold of the braids and I will pull you up."

Oh, how it hurt, but if you wanted to help anybody you must not mind a little hurting. Big tears rolled down her cheeks and with all her might she pulled the little brother up.

There already, the Prince-father stood and put his dripping son on the meadow. And the mother was also there and embraced and kissed the dear princess who had saved the little brother. And they all went back to the castle.

The thick, long braids were all ruffled but they sparkled in the sun. That is how proud they were!

The following day the father ordered the royal bakers to bake cakes to look like the braids of the princess. They were fine, sweet, crisp braids, as thick as the braids of the princess and of course just as long as the well was deep. They were filled with raisins and nuts and they smelled heavenly!

Pages took these cakes to the houses where every girl with long hair would get one of them. Every year after that, on the selfsame day that the princess saved her little brother, all bakers of that town baked such cakes, but of course they were not as good as the first cakes.

Many princes came now, who wanted to marry the princess. They thought: "After all it is a very good thing to have such a nice, thick, long braid to hold on to."

The very next summer, the princess sat under the linden tree—with her husband, and the linden tree waved all its leaves with joy.

I wonder if this story is true, or is it only a fairy tale. I think it is only a fairy tale because a long, thick braid you only hear about in fairy tales now-a-days!

*Translated from the German—*

DORA S. TAUSCH.

Every day is a little life, and our whole life is a day repeated.

ELLA W. WILCOX.





*Courtesy Doll and Richards*

SELF PORTRAIT  
by Anders Zorn



*Courtesy Casson Galleries*

ADMIRAL GEORGE CANFIELD BERKELEY  
by Sir Thomas Lawrence



(Continued from Page 22)

and a number of short poems are excellent. They are very different from some of the earlier poems by which most people judge her—or misjudge her. Does this bit sound like your idea of Amy Lowell's poetry?

"Speak, speak, beloved,

Say little words for my ears to catch  
And run with them to my heart."

Some of the things we like best about Amy Lowell are the titles of her books. She always picked a delightful quotation from some beautiful poem. "A Dome of Many Colored Glass," in particular, is from one of our favorite poems by Keats.

Musical comedies, revues, and follies are nice, but the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas are the acme of amusement. I hope you have seen "Iolanthe", or the "Pirates of Penzance", or both. Winthrop Ames has produced them so faithfully and well. We haven't seen the "Pirates" yet. I'm not going to miss it, although it can not be as good as "Iolanthe", for that is perfect. The settings are colorful and pretty, and the costumes from the blue wigs of the fairies to Phyllis' slippers (light blue satin with little green heels) are wholly charming. The diction of the singers is so good that you miss none of Gilbert's gorgeously nonsensical lines. The singing itself is excellent. The thirty-piece symphony orchestra does full justice to Sullivan's exquisite music; from the dainty fairy music for which Gilbert wrote:

"If you ask the special reason  
Of our never ceasing motion,  
We reply with some compunction  
That we haven't any notion."

to the song of the pompous peers:

"Bow, ye lower middle classes—  
Bow, ye tradesman—bow, ye masses—

Blow the trumpets,  
Sound the brasses."

The song the fairies sing, when they summon Iolanthe back from exile and again when they threaten her with death for disobeying the fairy laws, stirred me more than any music I have ever heard in all my life. It is rarely, poignantly beautiful.

Mr. Ames has formed a permanent company to present two Gilbert and Sullivan operas every year. I hope I am right in telling you what I think I have read, that the "Mikado" and the "H.M.S. Pinafore" are the ones to be produced next. Now we are sure of at least two good things to go to every year.

To prepare oneself for seeing these operas may we suggest the introduction written by G. K. Chesterton for a book on Gilbert and Sullivan recently published. The book itself is horribly disappointing, just read the introduction. You can spot it easily. It is printed in italics. Why we don't know, perhaps to make it look more important than the book proper. It is.

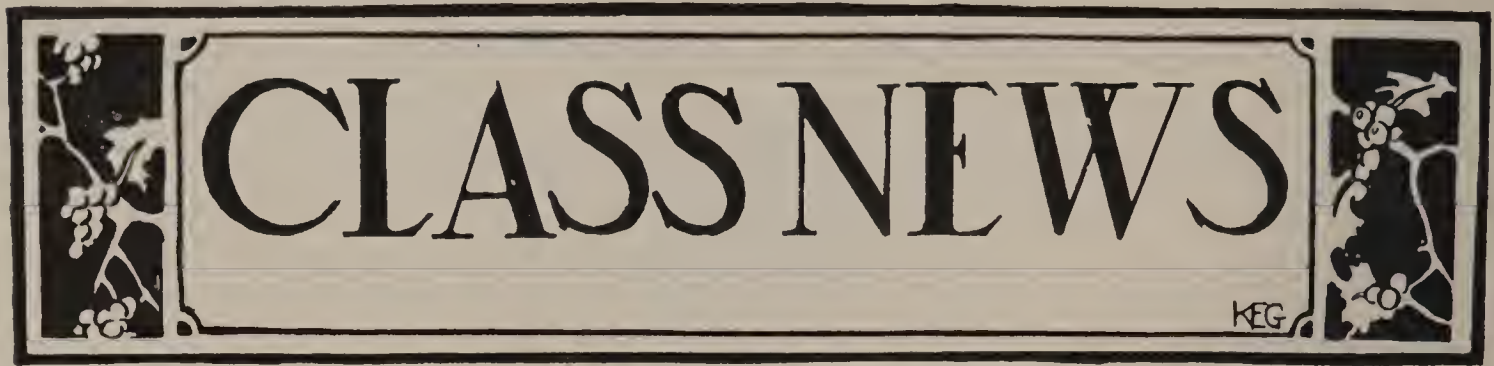
Even the programmes you pay twenty-five cents for are worth the money. We have an incurable weakness for buying twenty-five cent programmes, which almost always leads to bitter disillusionment. This programme is the complete libretto of the operetta. We will put it away with the one from the "Miracle", which, much to our regret, cost one whole half dollar. Seventy-five cents invested in valuable securities.

If we were to believe in fairies—we hereby disclose the bitter truth that we never have—we would believe in the Gilbert and Sullivan-Winthrop Ames variety. Such charming, adorable creatures! Truly they seem as light as this-tledown, as irresponsible as June breeze. They are all slender and graceful. They dance beautifully and beautifully do they sing. And the pretty faces, gossamer dresses, and fluffy blue hair. We have always contested that fairies should have violet eyes, copper-golden tresses, and skins as delicate and pale-white-green as the petal of a spring wild flower. But these creatures with warm, rosy skin and blue hair have almost converted us. Especially the little pink one, remember the darling little pink one?

Joy in one's work is the consummate tool without which the work may be done, but without which the work will always be done slowly, clumsily, and without its finest perfection.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.





# CLASS NEWS

## FROM THE FRESHMEN

Bigger and better History Notebooks are now being made to order—and you just bet they'll be the best yet.

Speaking of Freshmen, we won't be in that state much longer. Imagine it! Almost a whole year has slipped by. We have made many friends—perhaps a few enemies, too, unfortunately—and soon vacation will be here. After that—Sophomores!

On the twenty-second of April, in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred twenty-seven, the Freshman Frolic was held. Latticed verandahs, trailing wisteria, and a bit of a Japanese garden were dimly lighted by the red, blue, green and yellow spotlights. As the couples danced away to the music of the temple orchestra, the lights caught colors, illuminated faces, and let them go again. It was a damp, drizzly night, but our hall was well-filled. In the corridors people chatted, nodded and smiled in recognition of a passerby, and chatted on. The music was good and hearts were light; we went home happy, radiant and tired.

## SOPH-NO-MORES

The colorful Sophomore dance in a section of Greenwich Village, borrowed for the occasion, is over. The great yellow moon cast its soft beams over the dancers who came from all over the world, from many centuries, from many classes, and out of many circumstances. Colors vied and harmonized. Lamps leaned to and fro, some seeming to feel affection for the tipping houses, others not.

All our Furniture Notebooks have been passed in!! We are through, except for the thought of our marks. How much knowledge of grammar did we

show, I wonder? *We* are through, but Miss Hathaway isn't. I, for one, do not envy her job. Perhaps someone may give her a little relief, as Roy Staples did a year or so ago. Perhaps we have a witty person in our class who might have performed that bit of charity. I hope so.

## THE SPRING IS IN THE AIR

How do we know? That's easy. Haven't you noticed the gaze in young eyes, dreamy, far away, and without purpose.

The appearance of many descriptions of tin cans upon the highways, makes us know Spring is at hand. Anything will suffice to catch the breezes and to carry us into the countryside . . . A rattling, dingy, topless flivver with a big, tall, handsome man—a little hat perched on the top of his head—and a wee slip of a pretty girl beside him, just reaching to his shoulder, and peering up to her wonderful companion, silhouetted against a rosy sky, is a typical Spring scene. Birds twittering and calling to each other, add atmosphere to the already happy condition existing.

O Spring, Spring.  
Beautiful Spring.

## JUNIOR NOTES

There have been several important happenings since our last issue of the ARTGUM. The rumored marriage of Seymore Goff has proved most interesting.

Dorothy Currie, Rebecca Field and Dorothy Thurlow are to join the party that is to meet Mr. Porter in New York where he will introduce them to many of the art treasures of the Metropolis.

The Junior Teacher Trainers are busy preparing Alice Kingsley's play, the "Sun God", under Mr. Brewster's direc-



tion. The Student Association is in charge of the business and financial end of the production. It will be an Aztec creation, colorful and brilliant and quite in the grand manner.

The Junior assembly pleased the school and visitors. Joseph Dephoure gave a stirring recitation of Robert Service's "Jean Desprez". Three students of the Conservatory furnished several musical selections on the violin and piano. They were very enthusiastically received. Helen Stuart sang three numbers. Many of us enjoyed Helen's concert at Jordan Hall recently. She will sing again in the recital of Mr. Vannini's pupils on the twenty-sixth of April next year.

Mr. Vannini has already requested Helen to sing for the radio audience who will hear an hour of his music in the near future.

Last but not in the least *least*, our Junior Prom. Alden Park Manor is to be the scene of this event where it is hoped by the class that many gay, young people will enjoy the dancing and good music. The committee which is trying to make the prom a success for everyone includes Elmer Greene, the chairman, Gus Roubound, Celestia Whitney, Priscilla Packard and Marjorie Read.

M. M. READ.

### FROM THE SENIORS

Memory, like the sun, paints to us many vivid pictures of the busy years we have spent in a building already filled with the echoes the past.

It needs just a little talk of caps and gowns to bring us closer to reality—and the echoes. Indeed we are agreed that as others pass, so must we! However, the discussion for the "end" lies grimly between a dance and a moonlight sail.

This reminds me of a little boy who was given a choice between two pictures, one an etching, the other a sheet of "funnies".

"Now, little boy," said the lady eagerly, "Which one would you choose to keep?"

With a wide grin, the little boy replied: "I would choose both!"

Sometimes it becomes a trial to have but one choice, and that just happens. I don't know why this leads to Boston. (We have had a Boston number!) but

these same bewildering complexes are hard to ignore in a lifetime. In being kind to one, they may be exceedingly harsh to another. It has been my privilege to read many, many articles in the papers and magazines about this charming quaintness of the "unknown" Boston beyond the King's Chapel and beyond Copley Square.—That may be—provided there is a feeling of security in possessing a little money to stimulate an empty vitality with which to appreciate this "picturesque" element! To the refined, delicate soul struggling for light and life under terrific handicaps, there is the sickening realization of this dirt, this foul air, this devastating closeness of parching summer months, this gnawing torture of bitter cold creeping into rooms so badly ventilated that to work is hopeless—all this and more is death, and there is nothing left but a patch of sky at night with stars so bright—for hope!—For mercy's sake, plead for clean, new houses with porches where the little ones may sleep at night during those death-taking hot summer months!

Last of all, I have run across a very beautiful song by Katherine Glover printed in the April issue of the "Good Housekeeping" Magazine which is something like this in part and I think it should drive the meaning of this plea a little closer:

"The grass says to me: Grow strong roots, and you will withstand the suns that whither. Habits are your roots.

"And the sunflower says: Drink deep of the sun and gather in its golden strength as I do.

"A brook singing at my feet says: 'Run and play and sing, child, and like the brooks of the hills, you will gather power to turn great wheels.'

"God has made me like the flowers, the grass, the trees, to grow and gather strength and blossom. Shall I be less wise than they?

"Shall my roots be less strong than those of the grass? Shall I grow less straight and firm than the pine? Or have less play and fun and power than the brook?

"Growing is the song all living things sing to God.

"The earth, the sun, the fruit trees, the brooks and springs give all I need



to help me grow, but I must shape the growing and build my own strength.

"I too, shall sing my song of growth through every hour I live."

By far let us keep to "a child's song of growth" and if these things we desire are far away, let us rather stick to a patch of sky at night with stars so bright—for hope!

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*(Continued from Page 19)*

talked with him for some time in a low voice, what time the old gentleman stared at us closely. Finally he seemed on the point of conceding something to Pat, then he hesitated, gave us one long and searching glance, turned, and motioned us to follow him. He led us through a dark, musty passage in which wispy hangings brushed our faces. The room at the end was evidently an office and was lighted by a great brass lamp filled with sweet smelling oil. He called for a servant who brought a small lantern hanging on three chains from his wrist. He then gave what must have been directions to the servant and turned his back on us, leaving us to our own devices.

The servant, a bony old man with an Hebraic nose and sagging flesh at elbow and knee, beckoned us toward a door in the further wall. He trembled as he opened the door, whether from weakness or something else I could not determine. There were stairs leading downward, worn and rickety that seemed capable of falling apart any minute. The old fellow kept a pace ahead, but seemed ever inclined to lessen the distance. At length the stairs were accomplished and we stood on the floor—soft and slippery and damp, as of a growth of hardy fungus. The room we descended into must have been immense for the one light at the opposite end seemed a great distance away. There seemed to be some objects on a table that the light illuminated, but it was too far to distinguish clearly. The "boy" lit another lamp placed at the foot of the stairs, by which we saw that the stairs ended on a raised platform; from this platform there were two more steps to the level of the main floor.

It must have been a weird sight for a spectator to see that odd procession slowly traversing the slimy floor of that

huge cavern—for such it must have been—two of us eagerly impatient to get a better glimpse of whatever was at the other end, the old Hindoo peering intently from side to side, seeming almost to listen, to ferret with his ears the mystery of the deep gloom, and the other one closely watching the old Hindoo.

Finally we came to the end and Pat cautioned us not to touch anything. If I was entranced by what I saw up-stairs, I was positively amazed by what I saw down here. On a raised pedestal in a glass case open at the top was a small chest which looked as if it were made entirely of pure jade. On top of the chest sat the ivory statue of a woman, nicely modelled and, strange to say, almost classic in treatment. The statue was quite lovely, but around the neck was hung the most astonishing thing—a crucifix of ivory studded with emeralds and rubies. . . .

To say that this had been an hour of reactions would be saying but little. The most vigorous mental processes can be set in motion by quite trivial occurrences and can be sustained at white heat by an abstract argument so an attempt to describe my state of mind then would be ambiguous. At the bottom of the pedestal, inside the case, were two sleeping cobras.

We two, awed by the sight, at last looked enough and turned back. So overcome had we been by the lady of the cobras—as I preferred to call her—that we had paid no attention to our two companions. We were, therefore, quite disconcerted to find we were alone. Shouting had no effect but to waken the cobras and we could hear them moving in back of us. Taking each other's arm we started to cross the intervening space between the pedestal and platform. We had no light, just the lamp by the stairs to guide us. It seemed miles away and we were very uneasy.

About halfway across we heard something moving and stopped to listen. The movement stopped quickly too, but not before we had found it to be the slishing of bare feet on the floor. Our suspicions of Pat were mutual so we decided to make a run for the stairs. Eon-long seconds and we reached them. At least,







Dick did. I slipped and fell in the muck at the foot of the platform steps. It was hardly a second before I was up again, but just as I reached the platform a horribly misshapen figure made a rush at me from the shadow. I stumbled again and fell in the fungus, the putrid, flat smell of which was suggestive of something indescribably hideous. Dick, who had not heard me fall before, now turned from the door he had just opened at the head of the stairs and saw my catastrophe. I have often wondered whether I would have had his presence of mind, but he said he acted entirely on impulse. Needless to say I was thankful for his impulsive nature. He leaped the twenty feet separating him from the creature and landed on its back. The creature turned out to be nothing but a weak old man who uttered a pitiful screech as he sank to the floor. Darkness lends such a distorted perspective to things that I could have sworn some terrible sort of prehistoric animal was attacking me.

There was no commotion to speak of, just a throaty whine from the old man now and then. Turning again toward the pedestal Pat and the lamp bearer were seen emerging from the penumbra surrounding it. He hurried forward and in an excited voice asked what the row

was about. We explained and he bent over and took a look at our captive. He made some sort of ejaculation and called upstairs in Hindustani. The old baniah presently appeared holding a lamp high above his head. Looking at the piteous wretch at his feet he asked his tremulous servant for explanations. Apparently satisfied he summoned two coolies who lifted the moaning old man above stairs, then nodding to us to follow he led the way to the office above.

He placed chairs for us and had coffee served. Then in quaint, stilted English he told us rather an interesting story about the old man.

He was a distant relative of the merchant and in his youth he had acquired a reputation in his village as a philosopher. He was familiar with every line of the Vedas—the Hindoo Bible. He could recite most of India's epics by heart, and had an insatiable thirst for knowledge. With maturity he had become religiously inclined, which inclination had ripened with the years until he had become a fanatic, and a most rabid one. This fanaticism had usurped his brain and produced an indefatigable twist in his mind. So that in his old age all his thoughts had been centered in the protection of his ivory lady and cruci-



*Courtesy Grace Horne Gallery*

"VALENCIA FISHERMAN"

by John Whorf



fix. It was said that this figure was the likeness of the favorite wife of Shah Jehan, that the bejewelled crucifix was the result of the conversion of another of his wives to Christianity by a priest in the retinue of an Italian artist invited to Agra. Both had been stolen by his great-grandfather at the mutiny of Delhi and had been passed down in the family as heirlooms.

The old man—who had chosen the cavern as a suitable place to keep his relics found he could not live away from them so had taken up his abode in a little room at the rear not quite so filthy as the main one—was usually very circumspect about his treatment of visitors, but something had evidently displeased him, probably our lack of reverence. At any rate he had had the most sincere desire to kill us, so said the merchant, and it was provident there were two of us.

We thanked him for his hospitality and bought several small pieces of ivory. When we were in the gary again Pat explained that he had seen the old servant edging away and had merely followed him, not knowing anything about the old fanatic.

By the time we reached The Light of Asia again we felt that we had done him an injustice and that we owed him the best dinner the place afforded and our most substantial gratitude for an interesting afternoon.

*(Continued from Page 11)*

his familiar equipage and wanted to know if that wasn't his coach!"

Last summer Mr. Taylor faced invalidism and knew he could never paint again. A letter Mrs. Taylor wrote to to Home Journal, and published in that magazine in August, follows in part:

"Forth from here (his Wellesley studio) went many pictures, to be multiplied into a million copies and spread far and wide. Year after year they came into being, but after many years, as must be, they came more slowly, and then more and more slowly. Now one waits for the painter. It is a sunny hilltop in Bible country. An ancient tomb, nearly obliterated by countless summers shines white against the blue sky. Almost from the very lintel springs a young almond tree in full bloom. A scanty flock of goats

have wandered here, the brown goat-herd has stopped beneath the pink tree to look at the sky through its blossoms.

"The name of the picture was to be 'Remember Now Thy Creator in The Days of Thy Youth'. It is all drawn, ready for the first brush stroke. But just here the painter's right hand fell useless at his side. The 'shop' has been idle for many months. The eastern shutters stand wide open and the sun pours in. Now the painter dreams of the past."

When I was in Wellesley, Mrs Taylor showed me the cabinet where the picture, as he left it, is locked. And there, untouched, it will stay, a fitting requiem.

*(Continued from Page 6)*

gave them shawls—all imported—for France did not venture to imitate so delicate a tissue, such extraordinary lightness, such curious patterns.

For the most part women wore "fronts" instead of their own hair and diamonds in the place of flowers. They were, above all, anxious to show off their wealth.

Dresses were made in various styles: Sometimes sleeves were short and puffed and trimmed with several rows of ruching; sometimes they were funnel shaped. Dresses were cut "low," and necklaces of pearls and garnets were worn.

Long gloves were expensive, but no well dressed woman hesitated to put on a new pair each day.

The red, white and blue cockade was a thing of political necessity, and was worn by everyone.

Waistlines started under the breast, and necklines were cut indecently low. Dresses were simple, but they were slashed to the knee.

Men wore their trousers just below the knee—enormous things. Cravats swathed their throats to the extent of being an impediment to their speech.

Modest little mirror that I am, I see, nevertheless, all in the latest feminine caprices, for have I not a place of special advantage? And the note of ultra-modern smartness which I strike, guarantees that, for many years to come, I shall watch the intimate life of the exquisite woman who calls me hers.



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